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CHAPMAN'S "AMOROUS ZODIACKE"

"Tempore patet occulta veritas."

I

In my *Introduction to Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904, I gave, for I believe the first time, a long series of instances in which Elizabethan poets had without any kind of acknowledgment appropriated contemporary French verse. I showed that Elizabethan poets of all degrees of ability and reputation did not merely adapt the conceits and ideas of French poetry, but at times slavishly translated the French words and very often employed the French meters.

I have at odd intervals, since the publication of my *Introduction*, continued my researches into the relations between French and English literature at the end of the sixteenth century, and I have more than confirmed my published conclusions. I have added considerably to my store of pieces, which, despite the fact that they were presented to the Elizabethan public as original English poems, prove on investigation to be bold plagiarisms from the French.

In one or two instances I find that I took in my *Introduction* too generous a view of the working methods of more than one Elizabethan poet. In the case of the "augmented" edition of Constable's *Diana* of 1594, I only recently discovered that a so-called original sonnet there, which I thought to be a loose and

pardonable adaptation from Ronsard, was an exact translation from Desportes.¹ A comparison of the English text with the French of Desportes is worth studying. The force of plagiarism could hardly go farther. I give the two sonnets in parallel columns:

CONSTABLE, <i>Diana</i> (1594), Sixth Decade, Sonnet VIII	DESPORTES, <i>Diane</i> (1573), Livre I, Sonnet XLVII
Unhappy day! unhappy month and season!	Malheureux fut le jour, le mois et la saison
When first proud love, my joys adjourning,	Que le cruel Amour ensorcela mon ame,
Poured into mine eye (to her eye turning)	Versant dedans mes yeux, par les yeux d'une dame,
A deadly juice, unto my green thoughts geason.	Une trop dangereuse et mortelle poi- son.
Prisoner I am unto the eye I gaze on:	Helas! je suis tousjours en obscure prison;
Eternally my love's flame is inburn- ing:	Helas! je sens tousjours une brû- lante flame;
A mortal shaft still wounds me in my mourning:	Helas! un trait mortel sans relâche m'entame,
Thus prisoned, burnt, and slain; the spirit, soul, and reason;	Serrant, brûlant, navrant, esprit, ame et raison.
What tided me then, since these pains which annoy me,	Que sera-ce de moy? Le mal qui me tourmente,
In my despair, are evermore in- creasing?	En me desesperant, d'heure en heure j'augmente,
The more I love, less is my pain's releasing:	Et plus je vay avant, plus je suis mal- heureux.
That cursèd be the fortune which destroys me,	Que maudicte soit donc ma dure destinée,
The hour, the month, the season, and the cause,	L'heure, le jour, le mois, la saison et l'année
When love first made me thrall to lovers' laws.	Que le cruel Amour me rendit amou- reux.

II

But the immediate purpose of my present paper is to show that a more eminent Elizabethan poet than Constable, a poet of the intellectual capacity of George Chapman, did not disdain

¹ The sonnet in question does not appear in the first edition of Constable's *Diana*, which was issued in 1592, and of which I have consulted the single known copy in the Christie-Miller library at Britwell, near Maidenhead. The volume of 1592 contained only twenty-three sonnets in all; that of 1594 added fifty-four new sonnets which were described on the title-page as "divers Quatorzains of honorable and learned personages." These personages have not been identified, and one of them, rather than Constable himself, seems responsible for the plagiarism from Desportes, which is cited above.

the common habit of plagiarism from the French. It would indeed, I believe, be difficult to match in the history of literature so unblushing an act of piracy on the part of a writer of great genius and repute as that which I now lay to Chapman's charge.

In 1595 Chapman published a little volume of verse bearing this title:

Ouids Banquet of Sence. A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous *Zodiacke*. With a translation of a Latine coppie, written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400. *Quis leget haec? Nemo, Hercule Nemo, vel duo vel nemo*: Persius. [Printer's device of a gnomon rising from the sea waves, and casting a shadow on the water, with motto on a scroll in the sky above, "Sibi Conscia Recti."] At London. Printed by I. R. for Richard Smith, Anno Dom. 1592.

This volume seems to be the second that Chapman published. His first publication, also in verse, came out one year earlier under the title of *The Shadow of Night*. Great biographical interest attaches to *Ouids Banquet of Sence*. It is a very rare book. Only two perfect copies¹ seem known in England. Of these one is at the Dyce Library at South Kensington and the other was formerly in the Corser collection.² An imperfect copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. I have made use of the perfect copy in the Dyce Library. It is a quarto of thirty-five leaves in admirable preservation. The signatures run from A to I₃.

The volume opens with a dedication "To the Trvlie Learned and my worthy Friende, Ma. *Mathew Royden*." Royden or Roydon was a little-known writer of verse, who reckoned among his intimate friends Sidney, Marlowe, Spenser, and Lodge, as well as Chapman; all held him in high esteem and appreciated his critical powers. In conformity with the spirit of the quotation from Persius which figures on the title-page of *Ouids Banquet of Sence*, Chapman complains in his address to Roydon of "the wilfull pouertie" of public taste, which insists on excessive simplicity of style in poetry. Chapman argues that poetic art requires subtlety, and no mere "plainness," in the presentation of ideas. He denies the right of "the prophane multitude" to

¹ The British Museum Library contains only a copy of a reprint of 1639.

² Cf. Corser's *Collectanea*, Part IV, pp. 283-89.

judge of "high and hearty invention expressed in most significant and unaffected phrase." The poems that follow are offered as a specimen of his "high and hearty invention." Every line, indeed, of Chapman's preface is a direct assertion that he is offering to a public which is difficult to please the ripe fruits of his own individual, original, and profound genius.

Five sonnets follow the author's prefatory dedication. Of these the first is ascribed to Richard Stapleton, the second to Tho. Williams of the Inner Temple, and the fourth to I. D. of the Middle Temple (i. e. Sir John Davies), while the other two are anonymous. The general burden of the commendatory verse is that Chapman is an original English poet of an excellence which gives him a literary rank only second to that allowed to Ovid.

A close examination of the volume puts a strange and mysterious complexion on the author's declared pretensions to originality, which his friends accepted without qualification. An appreciable part of the volume, at any rate, curiously confutes the printer's motto on the title-page, "*Sibi conscia recti.*" My research seems to illustrate more pertinently a second printer's motto at the extreme end of the volume: "*Tempore patet occulta veritas.*"¹

Four separate poems are included in the rare little book. The first, which bears the title of "Ouids Banquet of Sence," is a somewhat licentious description of the poet Ovid's emotions on witnessing the emperor Augustus' daughter Julia (otherwise called Corinna) in the bath, and of his endeavors to gratify each sense in turn as he surveys the seductive scene. The second poem is a sequence of ten sonnets entitled "A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie," in which the poet condemns the habitual celebration by contemporary sonnetteers of "love's sensual empery." On these two poems I do not propose to dwell at present. The third poem, "The Amorous Zodiacke," is more familiar than any of the others to students of Elizabethan literature, and that alone I examine here in detail.

¹ The device at the end of the volume shows the figure of Time, with his scythe and hourglass, dragging by the hand a naked woman from a rocky cave. The picture is encircled by a scroll bearing the motto, "*Tempore patet occulta veritas,*" together with the initials of the printer, R. S. (Richard Smith), at the bottom.

With regard to the fourth and last poem in the volume doubt is justifiable as to Chapman's authorship. It is avowedly no original composition, but a translation from the Latin. The title runs "The Amorous Contention of *Phyllis* and *Flora* translated out of a Latine coppie, written by a Fryer, Anno. 1400." The English verse is followed by ninety-five verses,—the opening lines of a Latin poem entitled "*Certamen inter Phyllidem & Floram.*" The English writer is here translating with some literalness a mediæval Latin poem, which was at one time wrongly attributed to Walter Mapes. The original probably dates from the twelfth century;¹ it is far earlier than the year 1400, to which the superscription assigns it. The rhyming metre of the Latin is carefully followed in the English. With regard to the authorship of the English rendering, it is curious to note that in 1598 it was separately reissued, and was then assigned to another's pen—to the pen of "R. S. Esquire." R. S. may very probably be Richard Stapleton, who prefixed commendatory verse to Chapman's volume of 1594. The title of the reissue of 1598 ran:

Phyllis and Flora. The sweete and ciuill contention of two amorous Ladyes. Translated out of Latine, by R. S. Esquire. Aut Marte vel Mercurio. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Richarde Johnes. 1598.

It is likely enough that Chapman had no hand at all in the translation of "Phyllis and Flora," but civilly rendered his friend Stapleton, whose work it was, the service of including it in his volume.

III

Whatever doubts attach to Chapman's relation with the fourth and concluding section of his *Ouids Banquet of Sence*, it is quite clear that the third section, containing the poem entitled "The Amorous Zodiacke," in thirty six-lined stanzas, is his own handiwork. He led his readers to believe that the verses were his original composition. There is no truth in this pretension. As

¹ The Latin poem, "De Phyllide et Flora," seems to have been first printed in the *Beyträge zur Geschichte und Literatur*, etc., von J. Christoph Freyherrn von Aretin, Part IX, pp. 301-9, Munich, September, 1806. There is a thirteenth-century copy of the Latin poem in the British Museum, MS Harleian 978, fol. 115 v^o f. This was printed in 1841 in the *Latin poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*, edited by Thomas Wright for the Camden Society, pp. 258-67.

a matter of fact, "The Amorous Zodiacke" is a translation, contrived with singular exactness, of a French poem entitled "Le zodiac amoureux," by a living French author, who first published his work anonymously in Paris in 1587, reprinted it again anonymously in 1588, and published it for a third time, and then under his own name, in 1594, the year preceding the appearance of Chapman's English version.

The author of "Le zodiac amoureux" was Gilles Durant, sieur de la Bergerie. He was born at Clermont in the Auvergne, about 1550, and died at Paris in 1615, after a long and successful career at the Paris bar. Durant's leisure was devoted to poetry, mostly of an amorous kind. His verse was not always free from licentious coarseness, but some of his lyrics have grace and charm. A long sequence of sonnets which he addressed to an imaginary mistress, whom he called *Charlote*, abounds in conventional conceits. His best-known work was a spirited translation into French of *Pancharis*, a series of Latin love-poems by his fellow-townsmen and close friend, Jean Bonnefons (1554-1614). To the first edition of Bonnefons' Latin *Pancharis* (1587) Durant appended a second part, which bore the title, "Imitations tirées du Latin de Jean Bonnefons, avec autres amours et meslanges poétiques, de l'invention de l'Auteur" (i. e. Gilles Durant); and among these "amours et meslanges poétiques" "Le zodiac amoureux" first appeared. This volume was reissued in 1588 without change. In 1594 Durant's contributions reappeared separately under the title of *Les Œuvres poétiques du sieur de la Bergerie, avec les imitations tirées du Latin de J. Bonnefons*.

Chapman does not seem to have been the earliest English Elizabethan poet to have studied Durant's "Le zodiac amoureux." Barnabe Barnes in his swollen miscellany of verse entitled *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, which was published as early as May, 1593, has twelve sonnets, xxxii-xliii, in which he likens the progress of his amorous passion to the journey of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac. Barnes does not translate Durant's verse literally, but he closely reflects the Frenchman's sentiment and imagery. Chapman, on the other hand, is wholly dependent

on Durant. "Le zodiac amoureux" is not free from impropriety, and Chapman is no more squeamish than his French master.

It will be seen from the reprint of the French and English poems, which is given below, that Chapman's "Amorous Zodiacke" owes nothing whatever to his own invention. Not only is Durant's language accurately, and indeed servilely, reproduced, but his meter is borrowed, and many of his rhymes are anglicized with curiously halting effect. Chapman omits five of Durant's stanzas toward the end of the poem, but he scarcely gives any other indication of striving after originality. He does not reproduce the name of Durant's imaginary mistress, "*Charlotte*"; he contents himself with addresses to "Deare Mistres" or "Gracious Loue."

Chapman's slavish endeavors to anglicize the French epithets of Durant often cause him grotesque embarrassment. Durant's "les neiges Riphées (stanza 21, l. 4) is a clear reference to the snows of the Riphæan mountains in Scythia, which are familiar to classical students. But Chapman's reproduction of this expression of Durant in the English words, "the white riphees," is a linguistic offense which it is difficult to pardon. Most of Chapman's English is clear and intelligible, but "the white riphees" has parallels, of which the following are examples (I italicize in both the French and English the words mainly concerned):

- Stanza 7.* M'empestrant parmy l'or de *tes beaux crepillons*.
And fetter me in gold, *thy crisps implies*.
- Stanza 8.* La Terre encore triste, & *feroit ouverture*.
The earth (yet sad) *and ouverture confer*.
- Stanza 15.* S'eschaufferoit *encor'* dans la signe suyuant.
Should still incense mee in the following sign.
- Stanza 23.* Au sortir de ce lieu si brave et magnifique.
To sort from this most braue and pompous signe.

IV

A comparison of the French original of Durant with the English rendering of Chapman will sufficiently attest the justice of my conclusions. In the following reprint the spelling and punctuation of the originals have been carefully respected:

THE AMOROUS ZODIACK

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN

From "Ouids Banquet of Sence. A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie and his amorous *Zodiacke*. With a translation of a Latine copie, written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400 . . . London. Printed by I. R. for Richard Smith, Anno Dom. 1595." (In the Dyce Library at South Kensington.) Sigs. F₂ recto—G₁ verso

1. I Neuer see the Sunne, but suddenly
 My soule is mou'd, with spite and ielousie
 Of his high blisse in his sweete course discerned :
 And am displeasde to see so many signes
 As the bright Skye vnworthily diuines,
 Enioy an honor they haue neuer earned.
2. To thinke heauen decks with such a beautilous show
 A Harpe, a Shyp, a Serpent, and a Crow ;
 And such a crew of creatures of no prises,
 But to excite in vs th' vnshamefast flames,
 With which (long since), *Ioue* wrongd so many Dames,
 Reuiuing in his rule, theyr names and vices.
3. Deare Mistres, whom the Gods bred heere belowe
 T'expresse theyr wondrous powre and let vs know
 That before thee they nought did perfect make
 Why may not I (as in those signes the Sunne)
 Shine in thy beauties, and as roundly runne,
 To frame (like him) an endlesse Zodiack.

LE ZODIAC AMOUREUX

BY GILLES DURANT

From "Imitations Tirées du Latin de Jean Bonnefons, avec autres amours et meslanges poétiques de l'invention de l'Auteur." . . . Paris, printed by Abel L'Angelier, 1588. (In the British Museum.)

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- Iamais vers le Soleil ie ne tourne la veuë,
 Que soudain, de dépit, ie n'aye l'ame émeuë,
 En moy mesme jaloux de sa felicité:
 Et porte à co[n]tre-cœur qua[n]d ie uoy tant de Signes
 Luyre dedans le Ciel, ores qu'ils soient indignes
 De iouyr d'un honneur qu'ils n'ont point merité.
- Pe[n]sez qu'il fait beau voir deda[n]s les cieux reluire
 Un serpent, un corbeau, un Nef, une lyre,
 Et un tas d'animaux qui ne servent, sinon
 De nous ramenteuoir les impudiques flâmes,
 Dont Iupiter iadis abusa tant de femmes,
 Qui sont reuiure au Ciel leurs vices et leur nom.
- Charlotte, que les Dieux icy bas firent naistre
 Pour mo[n]strer leur pouuoir, et no' faire cognoistre
 Qu'ils n'avoient rien créé dauant toy de parfait ;
 Que ne m'est-il permis, comme au Soleil du Mo[n]de,
 De luyre en tes beautez, et d'une course ronde
 En faire un Zodiaque à iamais, comme il fait ?

4. With thee Ile furnish both the yeere and Sky,
Running in thee my course of destinie :
And thou shalt be the rest of all my mouing,
But of thy numberles and perfect graces
(To giue my Moones theyr ful in twelue months spaces)
I chuse but twelue in guerdon of my louing.
5. Keeping euen way through euery excellence,
Ile make in all, an equall residence
Of a newe Zodiack; a new *Phœbus* guising,
When (without altering the course of nature)
Ile make the seasons good, and euery creature
Shall henceforth reckon day, from my first rising.
6. To open then the Spring-times golden gate,
And flowre my race with ardor temperate,
Ile enter by thy head, and haue for house
In my first month, this heaven-Ram-curl'd tresse:
Of which, Loue all his charme-chains doth addresse:
A Signe fit for a Spring so beautious.
7. Lodgd in that fleece of hayre, yellow, and curld,
Ile take high pleasure to enlight the world,
And fetter me in gold, thy crisps implies,
Earth (at this Spring spungie and langorsome
With enuie of our ioyes in loue become)
Shall swarme with flowers, & ayre with painted flies.
- De toy ieournirois & le Ciel & l'année,
L'acheuerois en toy ma course destinée,
Tu serois le seieur de tout mon mouuement :
Mais du nombre infiny de tes graces parfaites
(Pour rendre en douze moys mes Lunes satisfaites)
Ie n'en voudroy choisir que douze seulement,
- Errant par ces beautez, d'une juste cadance,
Ie ferois en chacune égale residence,
D'un nouveau Zodiaque, aussi nouveau Soleil :
Lors, sans rien alterer l'ordre de la Nature,
Je rendroy les Saisons : & chasque creature
Se reigleroit le iour à mon premier resueil.
- Pour ouurir du Printemps la saison redorée,
Et commencer mon cours d'une ardeur temperée,
L'entreroy par ton chef, & auroy pour maison
Durant le premier moys, ceste Tresse bessonne :
Tresse dont Cupidon tous ses liens façonne,
Signe forte à propos pour si gaye saison.
- Couché sur la toison de ceste Tresse blonde,
Ie prendroy grand plaisir à esclairer le monde,
M'empestrant parmy l'or de tes beaux crepillons :
La terre à ce Printemps, de morne & la[n]goureuse,
A l'enuy de nos ioux, deuenue amoureuse,
Seroit pleine de fleurs & l'air de papillons.

8. Thy smooth embowd brow, where
all grace I see,
My second month, and second
house shall be:
Which brow, with her cleere
beauties shall delight
The Earth (yet sad) and ouer-
ture confer
To herbes, buds, flowers, and
verdure gracing Ver,
Rendring her more then Som-
mer exquisite.
9. All this fresh Aprill, this sweet
month of *Venus*,
I will admire this browe so boun-
teous:
This brow, braue Court for
loue, and vertue builded,
This brow where Chastitie holds
garrison,
This brow that (blushlesse) none
can looke vpon,
This brow with euery grace
and honor guilded.
10. Resigning that, to perfect this my
yeere
Ile come to see thine eyes: that
now I feare;
Thine eyes, that sparckling
like two Twin-borne fires,
(Whose lookes benigne, and shin-
ing sweets doe grace
Mays youthfull month with a
more pleasing face)
Iustly the Twinns signe, hold
in my desires,
11. Scorcht with the beames these
sister-flames eiect,
The liuing sparcks thereof Earth
shall effect
The shock of our ioynd-fires
the Sommer starting:
The season by degrees shall
change againe
The dayes, theyr longest durance
shall retaine,
The starres their amplest light,
and ardor darting.
- Ton beau Front re-uouté, où toute
grace loge,
Seroit mon second moys & ma se-
conde loge;
Ce front resioüiroit de sa sere-
nité
La Terre encore triste, & feroit ouuer-
ture
Aux herbes, aux bouto[n]s, aux fleurs,
à la verdure,
Et rendroit le Printe[m]ps plus
gaillard que l'Esté.
- Le long de cest Auril, doux mois de
la Cyprigne,
J'admireroy ce front plein de dou-
ceur benigne,
Ce front braue palais d'Amour &
de Vertu:
Ce front que Chasteté tient en sa
sauuegarde,
Ce front que sans rougir iamais on
ne regarde,
Ce front de toute grace & d'hon-
neur reuestu.
- Le quittant à la fin, pour acheuer ma
route,
Ie viendroy voir tes Yeux qu'encores
ie redoute
Tes yeux qui esclaira[n]s comme
deux feux iumeaux
(Dont le regard benin & la douceur
luisante
Rendroie[n]t du moys de May la face
plus plaisante)
Ont à bon droit le lieu du Signe des
Gemeaux.
- Me brulant aux rayons de ces Flâmes
iuelles,
La Terre en sentiroit les viues étin-
celles,
Le choc de nos deux feux feroit
naistre l'Esté:
La Saison peu à peu deuiendroit al-
térée,
Les iours seroient aussi de plus
longue durée,
Tant ces Astres sont pleins d'ar-
deur & de clarté.

12. But now I feare that thrond in
such a shine,¹
Playing with obiects, pleasant
and diuine,
I should be mou'd to dwell
there thirtie dayes:
O no, I could not in so little
space,
With ioy admire enough theyr
plenteous grace,
But euer liue in sun-shine of
theyr rayes.
13. Yet this should be in vaine, my
forced will
My course designd (begun) shall
follow still;
So forth I must, when forth
this month is wore,
And of the neighbor Signes be
borne anew,
Which Signe perhaps may stay
mee with the view,
More to conceiue, and so desire
the more.
14. It is thy nose (sterne to thy
Barke of loue)
Or which Pyne-like doth crowne
a flowrie Groue,
Which Nature striud to
fashion with her best,
That shee might neuer turne to
show more skill:
And that the enuious foole, (vsd
to speake ill)
Might feele pretended fault
chokt in his brest.
15. The violent season in a Signe so
bright,
Still more and more, become
more proude of light,
Should still incense mee in the
following Signe:
A signe, whose sight desires a
gracious kisse,
And the red confines of thy
tongue it is,
Where, hotter then before, mine
eyes would shine.
- Or' ie doute bien fort si estant en ce
Signe,
Iouissant d'un obiect si plaisant & si
digne,
Ie me contenterois d'y estre trente
iours.
Non, non, ie ne sçaurois en si petit
espace
A mon aise mirer leur beauté ny leur
grace.
Ie croy que ie voudrois y demeurer
tousiours.
- Mais ce seroit en vain: ma volonté
forcée
Suyuroit bon gré mal gré sa course
commencée:
Sur la fin de ce moys il les fau-
droit quitter,
Et au signe d'après, soudain venir
renaistre,
Signe, dont la beauté m'empescheroit
peut-estre
De plus penser en eux & de les re-
gretter.
- C'est ce beau Nez traitis, qui dedans
ton visage
Paroist ainsi qu'un Pin au milieu
d'un bocage,
Que Nature (ce semble) en faisant
à tasche
De bien former, afin qu'il n'y eut que
redire
Et qu'un sot enuieux, coustumier de
médire,
Desirant s'en mocqueur se trouuast
empesché.
- En un Signe si beau, la Saison vio-
lente
Tousiours de plus en plus deuenue
insolente,
S'eschaufferoit encor' dans le Signe
suyuant;
Signe qui, à le voir, desire qu'on le
touche
D'un baiser gracieux, c'est ta mi-
gnarde Bouche
Où ie me ferois voir plus chauld
qu'auparauant.

¹ Misprint for "sign."

16. So glow those Corrals, nought
but fire respiring
With smiles, or words, or sighs
her thoughts attiring
Or, be it she a kisse diuinely
frameth;
Or that her tongue, shoakes¹ for-
ward, and retires,
Doubling like feruent *Sirius*,
summers fires
In *Leos* mouth,² which all the
world enflameth.
17. And now to bid the Boreall signes
adew
I come to giue thy virgin-cheekes
the view
To temper all my fire, and tame
my heate,
Which soone will feele it selfe
extinct and dead,
In those fayre courts with mo-
destie dispred
With holy, humble, and chast
thoughts repleate.
18. The purple tinct, thy Marble
cheekes retaine,
The Marble tinct, thy purple
cheekes doth staine
The Lilies dulle equald with
thine eyes,
The tinct that dyes the Morne
with deeper red,
Shall hold my course a Month, if
(as I dread)
My fires to issue want not
faculties.
19. To ballance now thy more ob-
scured graces
'Gainst them the circle of thy
head enchaces
(Twise three Months vsd, to run
through twice three houses)
To render in this heauen my la-
bor lasting,
I hast to see the rest, and with
one hastening,
The dripping tyme shall fill the
Earth carowes.
- Aussi ces beaux couraux rie[n] que
feux ne respire[n]t
Soit qu'ils forment un riz, qu'ils par-
lent, qu'ils soupirent,
Soit que mignardement ils se lais-
sent baiser:
Soit que la langue encor' s'élançe &
se recule
Pour redoubler l'ardeur, comme la
Canicule
Brule, au Lyon, le Monde & le fait
embrazer.
- De là, pour dire adieu au Maisons
Boreales,
Ie viendroy visiter tes Iouës Virgi-
nales,
Pour temperer mes feux & dompter
mon ardeur,
Qui bien tost se verroit esteinte &
amortie
Dedans ce beau seiour, couuert de
modestie,
Remply de sainte honte, & de
chaste pudeur.
- La pourprine couleur de tes Iouës
marbrines,
La marbrine couleur de tes Iouës
pourprines,
Ces liz si proprement aux oeilletz
égalez,
Ce taint qui fait rougir celui-là de
l'Aurore,
Me retiendroient un moys: & si ie
crains encore
Que mes feux au sortir n'en fussent
dé-solez.
- Après (pour balancer tes graces plus
secrettes,
Contre celles qu'on voit dessus to[n]
chef pourtraites)
Ayant usé six moys à courir six
maisons,
Pour rendre dans le Ciel ma peine
continuë,
Ie viendroy voir le reste, & tout d'une
venüe
Aux humains ie rendroy les plus
mornes saisons.

¹ I. e., "shakes"; *var. lect.*, shoots."² Misprint for "month."

20. Then by the necke, my Autumne
 Ile commence,
 Thy necke, that merrits place of
 excellence
 Such as this is, where with a
 certaine Sphere,
 In ballancing the darknes with
 the light,
 It so might wey, with skoles¹ of
 equall weight
 Thy beauties seene with those
 doe not appeare.
21. Now past my month t' admire
 for built most pure
 This Marble pillar and her lynea-
 ture,
 I come t' inhabit thy most gra-
 cious teates,
 Teates that feed loue upon the
 white riphees,
 Teates where he hangs his glory
 and his trophes
 When victor from the Gods
 war he retreats.
22. Hid in the vale twixt these two
 hils confined,
 This vale the nest of loues, and
 ioyes diuined
 Shall I inioy mine ease; and
 fayre be passed
 Beneath these parching Alps;
 and this sweet cold
 Is first, thys month, heauen doth
 to us vnfold
 But there shall I still greeue
 to bee displaced.
23. To sort from this most braue and
 pompous signe
 (Leauing a little my ecliptick
 lyne
 Lesse superstitious then the
 other Sunne,)
 The rest of my Autumnall race
 Ile end
 To see thy hand, (whence I the
 crowne attend,)
 Since in thy past parts I have
 slightly runne.
- Ie commenceroy donc par to[n] Col
 mon Autonne,
 Col qui merite bien qu'une place on
 luy donne
 Telle que celle-cy, ou d'un certain
 compas
 En balançant la Nuit avecques la
 lumiere,
 Il puisse balancer en semblable ma-
 niere
 Tes beautez que l'on voit & que
 l'on ne voit pas.
- Ayant passé mon moys, à mirer la
 structure
 De ce pilier de marbre & sa linea-
 ture,
 Ie viendrois habiter tes Tetons gra-
 cieux:
 Tetons qu'Amour poistrist da[n]s les
 neiges Riphées,
 Tetons où il append sa gloire & ses
 Trophées
 Quand vainqueur il revie[n]t de
 co[m]batre les Dieux.
- Tapy dans le Vallon d'entre ses deux
 collines,
 Vallon Nid des Amours & des Graces
 divines,
 Ie serois à mon aise; & auroy beau
 passer,
 Sous l'abry de ces mons, la premiere
 froidure
 Dont le Ciel en ce moys nous feroit
 ouuerture,
 Mais aussi ie seroy fasché d'en de-
 placer.
- Au sortir de ce lieu si brave & ma-
 gnifique,
 Me destournant un peu de ma ligne
 Ecliptique
 (Moins superstitieux que n'est l'au-
 tre Soleil)
 I'iroy paracheuer le reste de l'Au-
 tonne
 A voir ta belle Main, dont i'attens la
 couronne
 Que i'ay peu meriter en chantant
 ton bel oeil.

¹ Misprint for "scales."

24. Thy hand, a Lilly gendred of a
Rose
That wakes the morning, hid in
nights repose:
And from *Apollos* bed the vaile
doth twine,
That each where doth, th' Idalian
Minion guide;
That bends his bow; that tyes,
and leaues untied
The siluer ribbands of his little
Ensigne.
25. In fine, (still drawing to th' Ant-
artick Pole)
The Tropicke signe, Ile runne at
for my Gole,¹
Which I can scarce expresse
with chastitie.
I know in heauen t'is called *Ca-
pricorne*
And with the suddaine thought,
my case takes horne,
So, (heauen-like,) *Capricorne*
the name shall be.
26. This (wondrous fit) the wintry
Solstice seaseth,
Where darknes greater growes
and day decreseth,
Where rather I would be in
night then day,
But when I see my iournies do
encrease
Ile straight dispatch me thence,
and goe in peace
To my next house, where I may
safer stay.
27. This house amongst thy naked
thighs is found,
Naked of spot; made fleshy,
firme and round,
To entertayne loues friends
with feeling sport:
These, *Cupids* secret misteries
enfold,
And pillers are that *Venus* Phane²
vphold,
Of her dear ioyes the glory, and
support.
- Main qu'un Liz enge[n]dra d'une Rose
vermeille,
Main qui resueille l'Aube alors qu'elle
sommeille,
Qui du lit de Phoebus entr'rouure
le rideau:
Main qui guide par tout le mignon
d'Idalie,
Main qui bande son arc, Main qui lie
& de-lie
Les ribans argentez de son petit
bandeau.
- En fin, tira[n]t tousiours vers le Pole
Antarctique
Ie viendrois attraper l'autre Signe
Tropique,
Signe que ie ne puis chastement
exprimer:
Ie sçay qu'icy le Ciel l'appelle Capri-
corne,
Et puisque en y pensant soudain mo[n]
cas prit corne
Ie le veux, comme au Ciel, Capri-
corne nommer.
- Ce lieu fort à propos tient l'hyuernal
Solstice
Ou l'obscurité croist & le iour s'ape-
tisse,
Aussi plus volontiers i'y seroy nuit
que iour:
De fait quand ie verroy les iournées
s'accroistre,
Ie le quitteroy là, et m'en iroy pa-
roistre
En la maison suiuaute où ie fero y
sejour.
- Cestre Maison d'apres, ce sont tes
Cuisses nuës
Nuës de toute tache, arrondies, char-
nuës,
Qui servent aux Amans d'ébat &
d'entretien,
Qui cachent le secret des amoureux
mysteres,
Cuisses les deux pilliers du Temple
de Cytheres,
Des doux ieux de Cypris la grace &
le soustien.

¹ Misprint for "goal."² Misprint for "fane."

28. Sliding on thy smooth thighs to
 thy months end;
 To thy well fashiond Calues I
 will descend
 That soone the last house I
 may apprehend,
 Thy slender feete, fine slender
 feete that shame
Thetis sheene feete, which Poets
 so much fame,
 And heere my latest season I
 will end.

Glissant au bout du moys sur ces
 Cuisses polies,
 Je me larrois aller par tes Greues
 iolies
 Pour gagner vistement la derniere
 Maison :
 Ce sont tes petis Pieds, petis Pieds
 qui font honte
 Aux beaux Piés de Thetys, do[n]t
 l'o[n] fait tant de conte,
 En eux ie finiroy la derniere sai-
 son.

[Not translated by Chapman.]

Alors, assez recreu d'une si belle
 traite,
 Au lieu de reposer & de sonner retraite
 (Pour rendre mon labeur tousiours
 continuel)
 Je me r'efforcerois, et sans reprendre
 haleine,
 L'iroy voir de rechef mon Mouton &
 ma laine,
 Poursuiuant sans repos ce trauail
 annüel.

L'ENVOY

29. Deare mistres, if poore wishes
 heauen would heare,
 I would not chuse the empire of
 the water ;
 The empire of the ayre, nor of
 the earth,
 But endlessly my course of life
 confining
 In this fayre Zodiack for euer
 shining,
 And with thy beauties make
 me endles mirth.

Mignonne, si souhaits avoie[n]t lieu
 par le Mo[n]de,
 Je me souhaiteroy ny l'Empire de
 l'onde,
 Ny l'Empire de l'air, ny de la Terre
 aussi ;
 Je voudroy seulement, sans cesse, me
 conduire
 Par ce beau Zodiaque, & tousiours y
 reluire
 Ioüissant à iamais de tes beautez
 ainsi.

[Not translated by Chapman.]

Cela m'estant permis : ces coureurs
 de Planettes
 Qui font couler çà bas tant de vertus
 secrettes
 Et forgent (ce dit-on) les heurs &
 les malheurs,
 N'y seroient plus logez : la seule mere
 nüe
 Du petit Archerot y seroit bien venüe
 Tous les autres iroient chercher
 logis ailleurs.

[Not translated by Chapman.]

Saturne est trop resueur : Iupiter
est trop sage :
Ce grand Dieu belliqueur est de trop
fier courage :
Le messenger des Dieux ce n'est
qu'un babillard :
La deesse des bois elle est trop in-
constante :
Venus demeureroit, son humeur me
contante,
Ie ne voudrois icy rien qui ne fust
gaillard.

[Not translated by Chapman.]

N'elle ne moy n'aurions maisons par-
ticulieres,
Car indifferemment reluiroient nos
lumieres
En chasque station ; mais si i'estoy
forcé
D'en prendre une à mon gré que ie
pourrois élire,
Souuent au Capricorne on me verroit
reluire
Ce resueur de Saturne en doit estre
chassé.

30. But gracious Loue, if ielous hea-
uen deny
My life this truely-blest va-
rietye,
Yet will I thee through all the
world disperse,
If not in heauen, amongst those
brauing fires,
Yet heere thy beauties (which
the world admires)
Bright as those flames shall
glisten in my verse.

Charlotte, si le ciel ialoux de mon
enuie
Par si beau changement ne veut heu-
rer ma vie,
Tu ne lairras pourtant de luyre à
l'univers :
Sinon dedans le Ciel entre les feux
celestes,
Pour le moins icy bas tes beautez
manifestes
Comme les feux du Ciel luiront de-
dans mes vers.

SIDNEY LEE.

LONDON.